

# RESTORATION



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No. 3.

## Lay Works Can Assure Nuns Heavenly Glory

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Sister: We have spoken much of a VOCATION . . . A SPECIAL CALL OF GOD . . . to the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action. It is time now to give you a thumb nail sketch of a few of the Organizations you can discuss with the young people under your holy direction.

Let's begin with those which can be found on the North American Continent. There the JOC or Cell Movement comes first to mind. It is growing on this side of the ocean. Young people interested in dedicating at least a part of their lives to the sublime apostolate to workers, students, and "white-collar workers," can become organizers in the movement, which will give them an invaluable training and formation. It will require a promise to remain for some years in an utter dedication to this form of apostolate. It also requires a promise not to marry during that time.

### A Rugged Place

The Catholic Worker always is ready to receive full-time workers in its rugged and beautiful vineyard. There are no promises of any kind attached to joining them. But implicit to their way of life is the leaving of one's home, the living in the slums of big cities, or serving — in grim poverty — the many rural retreat houses for the poor and the general public which are part of that vocation.

The Ladies of the Grail, at Grailville, Ohio, offer many opportunities of complete dedication after a long training and formation, both at home and in the mission fields, for young women with a hunger to serve God in the lay state.

Secular Institutes are opening their doors to youth of both sexes who want to serve God in the same lay state under simple private vows. These also offer an infinite variety of works to engage in, and specific ways of life to follow for the glory of God.

### Many Vineyards

A group of young women in Mary Farm, St. Paul, have an interesting and compelling apostolate to offer, which bears closer investigation. Miss Dorothy McMahon, 450 Little Canada Road, St. Paul, can give you further information.

The Lay Auxiliary Missionaries, founded by Miss Y. Poncolet of Brussels, Belgium, have just opened their American branch in Chicago. Here again young women fired with the zeal for mission work, can, under simple vows yet remaining laywomen, dedicate their lives to the far off lands where the destinies of our modern world may well be shaped today.

Friendship House, U.S.A. Province, offers those at-

tracted to the desperately-needed apostolate of Interracial Justice a way of life that will demand all of them for God in the Negro. And Friendship House, Canadian Province, needs many more Staff Workers to live the same life, dedicating themselves to the forgotten rural outposts of the vast Northland.

These are but a few of the movements and organizations I am listing in this letter. All of them can be found on this side of the Atlantic, even though some of them span the world.

### Width and Depth

Some day soon I hope, to list all those I came in contact with at the Congress of the Lay Apostolate held in Rome last year. It is timely, I think, to do so. For there is an urgent need for the religious and clergy of this continent to realize the width and depth of this truly glorious vocation of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action.

If I may make a suggestion to the superiors of women's Religious Orders, it would be that they allow, and even direct, some of their subjects now preparing for the teaching profession, to write their dissertations for M.A. and Ph.D. degrees on, first the general theme of Catholic Action as a vocation; second, on the already-existing movements and organizations of it.

Such theses would be of tremendous value to the Orders, and to the Lay Apostolate as a whole.

### Nuns Included

A mere compilation of the pronouncements of the Popes on this all important subject would be a revelation to many. The extent of such movements and organizations, and their achievements in the short 25 years most of them have existed would come as a great surprise to most Catholics, nuns, clergy, and laity included.

To a few of us who have been infinitely privileged by the grace of God, to be pioneers in this glorious new field, it is a matter of deep gratitude and joy . . . and I, for one, have such an overwhelming, such a burning desire, to bear witness to grace . . . growth . . . and joy . . . that I cannot refrain from writing this letter.

Meagre as the information in it is, I hope it is but the

beginning of my "witnessing" . . . but the beginning of your studies . . . and imparting of the newly acquired knowledge to your students.

For believe me, dear Sister THIS IS THE AGE OF THE LAY APOSTOLATE OF CATHOLIC ACTION. AND YOUR PARTICIPATION IN IT . . . BY THE PROPER FORMATION OF THE YOUTH UNDER YOUR CARE . . . WILL SOME DAY BE YOUR GLORY IN HEAVEN.

God bless you—Catherine.

## THE SOWER



## Love Strains At Evensong

By E. Martin Moscato

The evening star leans sweet Across our land.

And in the fields the small wheat

Looks into her smile and falls adream.

Where shall I go to lose you, O my Lover?

If I go up in the elevators

You Are there. And

If I go down in the mines

You Follow me. And

If I say, "I'll lock the night

Around me," then the night

Will be made radiant in my lusts.

The rippled stars lean low;

and While our purple shadows

pile on,

Dark on dark, the stars

Lean quietly and clean,

And all the furrows breathe

the odor

Of You near.

Stay near, my Spouse, my

Love-lord.

I, not running now, look

Not to leave You. Oh, be

near!

I'll give You all my hours for

Your presence.

(Poor bargain, when You

gave me every year

And then Your Cross.) And

I will give You all my life

To keep You near.

## Here's Full Story of Rome's Lay Congress

By Catherine Doherty

October seventh was the opening day of a unique gathering of 1200 lay people from 74 countries, meeting in Rome, with their moderators and chaplains. The congress lasted a week and closed with an audience with His Holiness, at which, for almost half an hour, he expounded, clarified, and emphasized the principles, foundations, and needs of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action.

### Coming Of Age

It was historic because it was THE FIRST TIME IN THE WHOLE LONG HISTORY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH that the laity had been called to the Eternal City, to indeed PARTICIPATE IN THE APOSTOLATE OF THE HIERARCHY. It marked a mile stone in the life of the Lay Apostolate, celebrating, as it were, with appropriate decorum, its coming of age.

It was a hard gathering for newsmen. Its true news value was deeply hidden, hard to get at, harder still to convey to the general reading public. But it was there, tremendous, in its all-over significance. At moments it seemed as if one were present at a stupendous turning point of the world's history. And well that may be. For who is there to evaluate the fire and fruits of the Holy Ghost that were kindled and maturing in the hearts of those delegates, coming from the four corners of the world, even from behind the Iron Curtain, to render testimony of this new miracle of God's grace to our tragic century, the awakening, the mobilizing of the laity into the army of Christ, to fight the eternal fight between light and darkness, love and hate, the Kingdom of God and that of the Prince of Evil.

### Lay Martyrs

And their testimony was true, confirmed by the blood of martyrs and confessors, for already the roll call of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action numbers both. The concentration camps of the Nazis, the dark prisons of Facism, the wide open spaces of China — all have their quota of them, not to mention the pioneers who died gloriously, even though hiddenly, in the slow martyrdom of persecutions, misunderstandings, poverty, hunger, and loneliness their apostolate begot.

The Congress opened with all the splendor and glory of Rome, in the beautiful Pia Palace on the Via Della Conciliazione, containing an immense auditorium equipped with ear-phones, that brought to all the delegates, in their languages, whatever was said in any other language, instantaneously, repeating, as it were, the miracle of the Pentecostal preaching of the Apostles.

The huge stage of the auditorium was filled to over-

flowing with Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and important lay folk — visual signs of both the approval of the Church on the gathering and of the importance of the proceedings, as well as another emphasis of the role of the laity in the Church today.

### The Love of Christ!

The welcome address delivered by Giovanni Urbani, bears quoting in full for it gave the spiritual keynote of the whole affair: "Congregavit nos in unum Christi amor! Ubi Caritas et Amor Deus ibi est! We greet you with Christian joy, brethren of faith and of works, who have come from every shore to this Immortal City, to exchange, in the unity of a common ideal, your experiences and hope of the Apostolate, to study together, in the radiant light of the Evangelical message, problems and events; the daily labor of men in quest of Heaven; to reaffirm near the Holy Father the ties of our friendship and anxiety for our common cause.

"Above all ties of blood, race, nation, culture and interest, we feel that we are ONE BODY ONE SPIRIT because we are called to live the same vocation and the identical hope.

"Qualified representatives of the multitudes whose honor it is to serve in the pacific army of Christianity, who wish to cooperate with all their energy for the advent in our world of the Kingdom of God, bring to our Congress the richness of your vigilant spirit, open to all the necessities of your brethren and conscious of the help of God, that God alone can and does give, in fact bestows on men of good will.

### Of God And Love

"We who are not exempt from the passions and trials of our times, chosen in God's paternal design to live in the world, not for our downfall, but on the contrary, to constitute in it a leaven of health, we must accomplish the mission, that Providence has entrusted to us in SIMPLICITY OF HEART AND HUMILITY OF SPIRIT.

"A profound sentiment of human solidarity — amor — vivified by the mysterious and transforming gift of grace — caritas — must thus be the basis and reason for our work and also the sure guarantee of our success:

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EDDIE DOHERTY ..... Editor  
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY ..... Managing Editor  
DOROTHY PHILLIPS ..... Circulation Manager

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## WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

"... And the truth shall set you free." But do we want to be free? That is the momentous question of our century, a century that seems ready to sell its freedom for any mess of pottage that guarantees the individual an ephemeral sense of security on the materialistic, natural plan.

What is true security? It is the freedom of the children of God, living according to an intellect illuminated by a deep Faith, a will moved by this reason to act according to the Commandments, precepts, and counsels of God and His Church, which are FULLY INTEGRATED INTO HUMAN LIVES.

In this case we possess true security, for our individual and collective lives are then rooted in the tranquility of God's perfect order wherein nothing disturbs us. We realize then the true value of all things, and can distinguish between the passing ones, and the eternal ones. And this realization, this knowledge, sets us FREE INDEED, to live a full life.

But to achieve this goal we must be steeped in truth.

Truth in its fullness, in its utter completeness, must be given to us according to our ability to absorb and integrate it from the cradle to the grave. It must be given to us first by our parents, then by our schools and churches, until we come of age and are able to go on seeking further and deeper its fullness for ourselves through all the available sources at our disposal.

Among these the first is prayer. We must be taught to pray well and always. Our parents, teachers, and priests must teach us how to pray, withholding none of the methods of prayer that the Holy Ghost has given men.

The Mass must be given to us fully. We must be taught to participate in it, to pray it with the priest, for it will bring Truth Itself to us.

Meditation, and contemplation, as well as the vocal prayers, must form part of our schooling, for they are our lawful divine heritage.

All over again we must be taught to read. We must learn, not only to look at pictures, as if we were back in the primitive ages when man could express his ideas only by drawing crude lines on cave walls ... but to read with our mind, heart, and soul, the books that bring to us the infinite facets of Truth until its whole is made clear to us, until it is made so clear that we can live it daily.

A revaluation of all values must be made, so that our lives once more may be rooted in God, and our security anchored in His love of us and ours of Him. We must be set free of the tentacles of secularism and materialism, for unless we Catholics ... the children of His blinding light, are set free ... who will free the rest of the world?

The sense of our apostolicity must be given back to us, so that we may once more know that we, the Catholic Laity, are also SENT TO PREACH THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST TO OTHERS ... BY FIRST LIVING IT OURSELVES.

We have been born to witness to TRUTH AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF. It is because we have lost sight of the reason of our very existence on this earth that true security is eluding both the individual and the world.

Once more, like the Christians of old, we must burn with the desire to be free. Free in God, free in love ... free in deed and in truth. Then all other things will be added to us ... and peace will come and dwell among us, and security will be ours to have and to hold in time and eternity.

Humbly we beg our bishops, our priests, our teachers, our parents, to show us the way to this freedom ... to this knowledge, ... to this security — in all its fulness, so that we may pass it on to others.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Somebody had turned on the snow again. I saw that plainly when I looked out the window. Somebody had cleaned up those messy January thaws—or buried them out of sight.

Somebody had brought Old Man Winter back into these parts. And when I looked to see who that somebody was — sure enough, it was the shortest month in the year, February. February herself, her leap-year high heels making her look a trifle taller.

Hi, Shorty

Welcome, Feb!

Once, when I was very young I used to welcome you for three great days. For Lincoln's birthday. A whole day out of school! For St. Valentine's day. I can still recall the rapture of getting a pretty lacy valentine from a little girl I liked. And for that other school holiday, George Washington's birthday.

It was always odd to me, even in my earliest years, that one short month could boast so many wonderful days.

Later on there was a girl's birthday I used to add to those. The first girl I married. The first wife I lost. She was born on the 20th.

Four years ago I put the fifth day of rejoicing into a special box with the others. For on the 29th, I awoke in a hospital in Pembroke, Ont., and learned that I still had a reasonable chance — a few more years, apparently — to work out my salvation.

Best Day Of All

And then last year—that was the best of all — on the 2nd of February, on the Feast of the Presentation, or the Purification, or whatever you choose to call it, Catherine and I became slaves of Jesus and Mary, after the fashion of St. Louis de Montfort.

Yes ma'am, you are more than welcome. Sit up here on the desk where I can see you more clearly. And tell me how it feels to be Catholic Press Month.

I'll bet that's a job. To read all the Catholic magazines and books and papers. What a tedious job! Let's not discuss it, huh? Let's not even mention it. Let's talk about the secular press. Let's talk especially about a certain Canadian newspaper, the name of which I charitably withhold, and the weird things it sometimes prints about Catholics, and Catholic ceremonies.

Those Forty Hours

Twice at least I have read in its sober columns that the Forty Hours' devotion is being celebrated in this or that Catholic Church "in honor of the forty hours Our Lord spent in the garden at Gethsemani!"

The ironic thing, Feb, is that, most probably, this nonsense was written in good faith and blessed ignorance by some Catholic reporter. You would think that a newspaperman, any newspaperman at all, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or unbeliever, would at least check on things like that before putting it in the paper, wouldn't you?

And wouldn't you think that any editor, even one totally blind in one eye and partially blind in the other, would catch the error before it was too late?

Well, if it were about anybody but Christ, the reporter would check and the editor

would check and recheck.

Can you imagine Christ enduring that bloody sweat for forty hours? That was a more cruel punishment — that hour or so in the garden — than anything men could do to Him. And He imposed it upon Himself. It was so terrible. He almost refused to go through it. "Let this chalice pass," He begged.



Waiting For Judas

He was assuming our sins upon Him in that little time in the Garden, that He might atone for them. What agony to make our sins His Own! He remained there only long enough for Judas to betray Him. Forty hours? Within forty hours after He entered the Garden He had been placed in the tomb.

His Body remained in the tomb about forty hours. Perhaps it is in memory of that period that the Forty Hours' devotion was begun. Perhaps it was originated to combat the sins committed during the forty hours or so of the yearly carnival staged on the Monday and Tuesday before the beginning of Lent.

That's right, Feb. Thanks for reminding me. Ash Wednesday does come on the 27th. Ashes to ashes. Remember man, thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return!

That reminds me of another newspaperman; a young Catholic working on a metropolitan daily in the dusty middle-west.

We Got Everything!

"Covered a story the other day that you would have liked to write," he says in a very short letter. "A man shot his wife to death. Talked to him after it was over and he said: 'She ain't dead. She can't be dead. Who's going to bring up the two kids? Why just last Saturday night we went out and bought a television set for the kids. I put my arm around her when we got home and said, Baby, we got everything in the world!'"

The rewrite man he talked to, the reporter ends his letter, just said, "yeh, yeh, yeh; never mind what the guy said; gimme the story and keep it short."

February, we got everything in the world. We Catholics. And what do we do with it? Nothing!

We've got, for instance, a story that could stir every reader in the city — or the country, or the world. But we can't be bothered telling it!

Come to think of it, Feb, you have it pretty nice. Some months have to stick around among people like us for thirty-one days. All you are asked to endure is, usually, only twenty-eight. Yet, if you kick because of that extra day you have to serve every four years I don't blame you. We're such a crummy lot!

## The B's Corner

February, 1952 ... and once again the CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH is with us. As I sit at my typewriter, surrounded by suitable slogans that many good friends sent us for the occasion, and looking through the voluminous materials provided for the month by Catholic Press agencies ... I feel quite lost.

For somehow there is behind these simple words ... The Catholic Press ... something bigger than any slogan, than any material provided by a thousand experts. And there wells in me a great desire for solitude, for prayer, for time out, to think this stupendous thought to the end.

Truth Marching

Dimly I realize that it is really not something but SOME ONE who stands behind these simple words. For isn't the Catholic Press but an extension of the Gospels? Isn't it the Truth of Christ marching on, in the words of men filled to overflowing with love of Him?

But is it?

Perhaps it is because it is not that we have to have CATHOLIC PRESS MONTHS. Sort of "specials" in which to draw attention to the obvious. And do we succeed in doing just that, or do our thousand efforts, slogans, streamliners, headlines, and banner book-weeks and press exhibits ... all fall flat because none of them brings out the Person of God on which all things Catholics, including the Press, have their being?

Why have we failed?

Tears In Our Hearts

The sooner we begin an examination of conscience, the more quickly we shall find out. We must do that. Examine our consciences. On our knees. With tears filling our hearts and souls, to bewail our blindness, our lack of courage and fortitude.

We are afraid to speak the fullness of truth. His truth. We are afraid to speak as He spoke lest we should lose circulation, offend the mighty or the rich. Oh, here and there a few courageous voices are lifted up, a few fearless Catholic papers and magazines are published. But, alas, how few!

Life or Circulation

This is the time when our voices should be raised high above the din of the world. This is the time when we should proclaim without fear or trembling the fullness of the sublime truths of Christ. We should proclaim them even unto the loss of our lives, certainly to the loss of circulation, if that has to happen.

If we had that courage, if we realized Whom the Catholic Press represents, Whose words it repeats, Whose principles it proclaims in season and out, in politics and economics, labor and racial justice, in rural areas and in cities, we would not need a special CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH.

Each month would be ours. Each day, each hour of it, would belong to us. Men would go without meals to buy our papers and magazines. All men ... not only those of the fold ... but those outside it, who would then become members of the Mystical Body of Christ. Because we would have repeated His words in the vernacular of today, repeated them with such a fire of love for Him and them, that they would

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# COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

It is good to be able to write once more this column in Combermere. For what seems to me now many months, I have written it either in ships on the high seas, or on trains speeding through our vast land.

But now I am home again! And it feels good. I arrived around the end of November, when the momentum of our yearly preparations for Christmas assume a velocity hard to describe. Last year this velocity was increased by the fact that almost every department of Friendship House, Combermere, needed my attention.

## She Moves Mountains

I am still facing a . . . most welcome . . . mountain of mail. I will begin to move that mountain very soon. It had to wait. For there was St. Nicholas, almost daily dropping in, with his sleighs, and trucks, filled to the brim with bags of toys, clothing, and candies for all the children, in Combermere and the adjacent villages and parishes of Madawaska, Half-Way, and Latchford Bridge.

St. Nicholas for years has evidently taken all the Friendship Houses into partnership. Consider. He brings us all these wonderful things, which he gathers from the great charity of thousands of hearts in the U.S.A. and Canada, to open, sort, repack, tag, and distribute! And when the matter concerns some 500 young ones, and many poor old folks, many shut-ins and sick patients, I leave it to you, friends, to agree with us that St. Nicholas does expect us to work . . . but to WORK.

And we do work. With joy in our hearts, and songs on our lips. It is truly an infinite privilege to be the hands of so many hearts full of charity.

## She Gives Thanks

And it is with the deepest of gratitude, that we thank the owners of those charitable hearts for their gifts of money, candies, toys, clothing and the thousands of important little trimmings that make Christmas the feast it is for all of us. May Christ, our Lord, in Whose name your gift and our work is given, bless you all this year. And may He make it one of peace and holiness for all of us.

Forgive me for delaying to express this deep gratitude of ours. December was a month in which I could not write. It was entirely taken up with the preparations for the big day, and with many celebrations.

How I wish you could have been at our Christmas party!

It was held in the parish hall which, for the time, serves also as our Church. (The Church, as you know, burned down last November.) Our male staff workers and guests worked hard to make it a well-decorated hall for that afternoon. It was so nice to have the crib there, all ready! We made it the center of all our festivities, of course.

## The Infants' Party

It was at the feet of the Infant that all the Christmas presents your charity sent, were placed . . . making it very plain to all the small fry and their parents Who it was Who really gave the party.

There was carolling. There were games. And then St. Nicholas came, red suit, white beard, jolly laughter

and all. Once again our reward . . . and yours I know . . . shone from the eyes of the Children.

I wish some artistic genius could paint those eyes . . . their wonder . . . their expectancy . . . their faith and gladness.

A couple of hours later, when we were cleaning up the mounds of multicolored tissue papers, and gathering the ribbons and the few pieces of candies that fell from little hands that were too full, we felt, tired as we were, like singing endless alleluias for the privilege and joy that has been ours because of your charity.

## Those Christmas Cards

It is only now, in January, that I can finally sit down and write these lines of thanks and gratitude which you will be able to read in February. I know you will understand and forgive this unavoidable delay.

May I also mention our deep appreciation of all the lovely Christmas cards we received? It is our habit to pin them on the top of our library walls. It is the biggest room in Madonna House, and — would you believe it? — they go all around it, they spill over all the bookshelves, and they hang in streamers down the walls, making the room gay with their festivity, and allowing us to admire them for many days, and to pray for the senders every night at Rosary time.

January is the beginning of the "quiet time" in Madonna House. It is also the beginning of our training period. By this I mean that the Staff Workers of Madonna House will enter three months of training in the spiritual and intellectual foundations of the whole apostolate of Catholic Action, Friendship House style, as well as in its techniques and history.

It is a long training. Some five years, all told. It is done all through the year . . . on the job, as it were. But every year the first three months are dedicated to a more intensified course, which culminates in our closed retreat. Then we are ready once more to take on the full cycle of our work activities, a little more enlightened in the knowledge of God, and hence we hope, growing in greater love of Him, which leads to better service to Him and to our neighbors.

Will you, dear friends, say a wee prayer for us through this training time, that we may be attentive to the voice of the Holy Ghost, as brought to us by the clergy who will take part in this training; and that we may also be fruitful in the knowledge thus acquired?

## THE B'S CORNER

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be caught in it, and lifted up to Him. Because in our Press we would show them the way.

## Love or Hate

Yes, I see clearly now, what it is that we must write about. We must write about the love of God for men. We must call forth the love of men for God . . . and in order to do this we . . . the Catholic writers of the world, especially of this North American Continent which has fallen into the habit of taking one month of the year as its special Press Month . . . we, I say, must be on fire. We must be on fire with the love

of God, so that all our writing is filled with it, spilling over with it . . . so that many sparks of the fire of the Holy Ghost will be sent forth from every line we write. The world is made of the driest timber. It is ready to burn either with hate or with love. If we do not set it on fire with love, the Prince of darkness will make it blaze with hate.

## ST. TIMOTHY & ST. PAUL



## HERE'S FULL STORY OF

(Continued from Page One)

## WHERE LOVE IS, GOD IS.

"God is with us; what should we fear? The variety of our institutions, expression of fruitful life, the diversity of our organizations and our movements, evidence of adherence to reality and to concrete possibilities, the sincere, open and free exposition of opinions in unity of spirit and in the bond of peace, must demonstrate, both to those who are near and to those who are distant, that the love of Christ alone has brought us together, sustains us, and guides us.

"To Him, immortal King living in His Church under the white veil of bread — SACRAMENTUS UNITATIS ET PACIS — our adoration. To Him, Master of truth and justice, living in His Church in the person of His Vicar and of all Bishops in communion with Him — our oath of fidelity and obedience — USQUE AD SANGUINIS AFFUSIONEM. For Him, brother of every man, rich or poor, healthy or sick, holy or sinful — our daily service. Our Heavenly Queen smiles maternally on our pledge of prayer, study and effort."

## Officially Listed

With this the Congress opened. Packing seven incredible, unforgettable, holy, blessed days, with "prayer, study and effort." But also with their fruits, to each delegate was brought a sense of being one of a vast army, lifting from his or her shoulders for the first time in years, the heavy cross of loneliness and darkness, that, by the testimony of many, had been their constant companion. Giving too, to each and all, a sense of assurance of truly "belonging," of being officially commissioned into the peaceful army of Christ.

It was as if the almost hackneyed definition of CATHOLIC ACTION BEING THE PARTICIPATION OF THE LAITY IN THE APOSTOLATE OF THE HIERARCHY, took on flesh, and became vivid and clear, and of exceeding beauty. A definition not to be only quoted at certain official occasions, or to be rendered lip service to, in class rooms and rallies . . . but a definition to be

## LIVED WITH ALL ONE'S SOUL, HEART, MIND, AND BODY.

As the Congress continued in its two-fold aspect, of lectures in the mornings at the Palazzo Pia, and Workshops in various parts of the city, the vision of the whole became blinding, opening before the dazzled, joyful eyes of the lay apostles of Catholic Action their true and immense role in the RESTORATION OF THE WORLD TO CHRIST. Just listen to the roll call of those lectures and workshops and see for yourself the scope and the immensity of the Apostolate they covered.

## Now A Necessity

Lectures: The World of Today and the Apostolate of the Laity — by Msgr. J. Cardijn. Survey of the world's population, with reference to the Catholic Church. Aspects of the world of today: religious, moral, cultural, social. Movements toward a unity in economic, political and social fields. THE LAY APOSTOLATE — A NECESSITY.

It was a short, intense summary, of fiery words, that shook the immense, closely packed auditorium to its very soul. A panorama in quick machine gun words, depicting the desert of modern life, in all its aspects — and the need, the crying, urgent need for the lay apostolate — expressed as only this veteran of it, this founder of the JOC, could express it.

Doctrinal basis of the Lay Apostolate — by two speakers, His Excellency V. Gracias and His Eminence Cardinal Caggiano. They spoke with clarity and precision, on the fact that the lay apostolate is not a passing need but a permanent postulate of Christian life, based on the sublime doctrines of the Mystical Body of Christ, the obligations incurred by Baptism and Confirmation, the love of God and neighbor, a divine command, the teaching of the Church.

They went deeply into the nature of the lay apostolate, its relation to the ecclesiastical hierarchy, its different forms — CATHOLIC ACTION AND THE ACTION OF CATHOLICS — its fundamental unity.

## Vision of The Whole

As their words fell on a super-attentive audience, the vision of the whole of the apostolate, slowly opened, revealing a picture of the immense tranquility of God's order it was rooted in. Each part fitting into the next, each person in his proper place according to God's pattern and design.

It was clearly evident that if and when this vision of the whole would become known and visible to the hierarchy, clergy, and faithful at large throughout the world, and when because of this sight, this knowledge, it would be incorporated into the living fabric of every Catholic's life, the problems of the modern world, including that of Atheistic Communism, would truly begin to be solved, not on the passing patchwork basis now used, but on the permanent basis of the fullness of God's truth LIVED BY HIS CHILDREN ON EARTH.

The Formation of Lay People for the Apostolate — by His Excellency G. Siri and Mr. J. Rommerskirchen. The first speaker showed clearly that the lay apostolate supposes an INTEGRAL CATHOLIC FORMATION. The interior life — the soul of the apostolate. And this in

turn necessitates the formation of priests for that task. Brilliantly the speaker went on to outline what were the responsibilities and the tasks of the clergy devoted to the preparation of the laity for the apostolate.

## Of Lay Leaders

The second speaker enlarged on the lay formation. His theme covered the preparation of the laity for the INDIVIDUAL apostolate. For the ORGANIZED apostolate and for the SPECIFIC apostolates in those different sectors of life, as well as the formation of LEADERS.

The whole picture was there. Between them these two eminent speakers gave a complete blue print of the training, formation, and preparation of lay apostles. Nothing was missing. The way to restore MAN TO GOD was outlined with a sharpness and clearness that left nothing to the imagination. No one in charge of the present formation of lay apostles, or contemplating such a task in the future, could be in the dark about it. From now on let no use as an excuse, the lack of directives in this matter. For the price of a foreign stamp this blue print can be obtained from the Headquarters of Catholic Action in Rome at Via Conciliazione 4, Rome.

For a Christian Social Order — by P. J. Serrarens and C. Flory. Slowly, like a small brook gathering speed, and being fed by hundreds of others until it becomes a mighty river flowing into an immense sea, those two speakers showed the hunger of all men for the justice of God. Analyzing first the actual economic and social situation in the world today, the first speaker showed clearly the deep wide-spread longing for a more human economic and social order, which the individualistic and collectivistic theories failed so blatantly to satisfy.

## More Human Christmas!

The second speaker, taking the cue from the first went on to deepen this thesis, showing that the Christian concept of life responds to the most genuine aspirations of men today for mutual understanding and cooperation. Showing too the URGENT NEED of action on the part of Catholics to inaugurate a more human Christian social order. Stressing too CARITAS — LOVE, as the mediating force uniting JUSTICE WITH FREEDOM.

The Vision of the Whole was becoming almost too dazzling for human eyes to look at.

Presence and Responsibility of Catholics in International Life — Catherine Shaeffer and R. Sugranyes de Franch. A woman, and an American man, spoke clearly and brilliantly on the international problems that concern the spiritual and social future of all nations — enumerated the official and non-official international organizations that shape that future, showed against their vast number, the existing Catholic Organizations, and the need for their expansion and multiplication.

The second speaker went on to present the urgent need for arousing every Catholic to a lively consciousness of his duty in taking part spiritually and actively in international life. He showed too what part Catholics play now, and urged a common front and closed ranks in the face of the

(Continued on Page Four)



## HERE'S FULL STORY OF

(Continued from Page Three)  
gigantic tasks imposed for the formation of a peaceful human family.

## The Mystical Body

As both speakers developed their themes, one could almost touch and see the sublime doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ taking shape in their words.

One could see the millions of its potential members hungering, consciously or subconsciously, to be part of it, and could understand that they would become part of it if the true members of this sublime Body would act according to its doctrine in the fullest sense of the word.

Such were the morning plenary sessions of this extraordinary week in Rome. The afternoons, often late into the evening and even the nights were given over to Workshops, which were intended to bring together persons specialized in the various fields of the Apostolate with the aim: (a) of making known typical experiences of the apostolate in a particular field; (b) of studying certain problems concerning the activity of lay apostles in the international level.

## List of Workshops

These workshops, twenty in number had been divided into two series of ten:—**The First Series—Oct. 8-9-10.**

1. Public Opinion — Press, cinema, radio, television.
2. Intellectual.
3. Charity and Social Aid.
4. The Family.
5. Catechism.
6. Children.
7. Youth.
8. The Sick.
9. School.
10. Work.

**The Second Series — Oct. 12th - 13th.**

11. The Liberal Professions.
12. Civic Life.
13. Sports and Leisure.
14. Missions.
15. Parish.
16. International.
17. Migrations.
18. Women.
19. Artists.
20. Church Unity.

## Attendance Good

It was impossible for each delegate to attend all the workshops, of course, yet most attended several; and through discussions at meals and during other leisurely moments, all got a general idea of what the others were doing.

The vision of the whole now showed up in all its glory. It became apparent that it was made up of thousands of fragments fitted together, bound together, by love — by CARITAS, by the truly flaming zeal of men, women, and youth, led by holy, trained, utterly dedicated clergy, and an understanding and cooperative Hierarchy, to restore each of these fragments that make up the world, and the lives

of all who dwell therein, TO CHRIST.

Man and all his needs! Man and all his activities! Man from birth to death! Man and the talents God lavished on him — all were encompassed in that glorious apostolate of restoration. None was overlooked. Like a fine, unbreakable, yet gossamer network, grace was brought to men by men, to heal and restore. To unite all and lift all through Christ to His Father.

It brought renewed courage. It brought renewed hope. It brought renewed strength. It welded all present into an indestructible whole. For the first time in their lives (and in the history of the Holy Roman Catholic Church) the laity understood its role fully for there could be no room left for misunderstandings.

## Bring It Home

True, those present knew that they would have to bring that vision, fragment by fragment, back to their countries, their cities, their towns and villages. They knew with a painful clarity, the immensity of the task before them. But now they were fired with love, with the spirit of the Holy Ghost, that seemed so palpably to have descended on this Congress, and they were ready. Ready to face darkness again, loneliness again, misunderstandings again. Even persecution again, and death.

The Congress also revealed the depth, height and heroism of the laity in the past years. It was a revealing and sublime sight that slowly unfolded itself, of the immensity of labors accomplished, tasks done. Transparently obvious were the deeds, until now unrealized and unknown, of thousands of men and women, done for Christ's sake, for Love's sake, in answer to the call of the Pontiffs.

Deeds of heroism . . . of valor . . . of courage . . . of tenacity of purpose that nothing could shake.

Catholic Action HAD come of age. For it could produce a roll-call of martyrs and confessors. It could show that men, women, and youths had died heroically, willingly, joyously for their Faith, even as the martyrs of old had died.

## No Compromise

It showed more. It showed that the cycle was being completed. That unanimously the voice of the lay apostles of the world, as heard in this historic Congress, spoke for the return to the life of the Gospel, without any compromise, without any shibboleths, without any glossing-over, and that this return was not something yet to be wished for, or desired, but was an accomplished fact to be seen, touched, and studied from all angles possible in the lives of the self-same apostles, or their founders, who knew not only how to die for

Christ but also how to live for Him.

Yes, it was the most wonderful experience of any, to realize that unbeknown, in most cases, to each other, the lay apostles of Catholic Action the world over had come to the same denominator in all the innumerable facets of the apostolate! And that denominator was arrived at, at the price of tremendous experience in the day-by-day living and workings of the apostle; that it dominated all of them, or better perhaps, formed the base, the foundation, the soul of the apostolate, and that this denominator, this common foundation was **THE GOSPEL PREACHED IN THE MARKET PLACES OF THE WHOLE WORLD BY LIVES LIVED AND FASHIONED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH OF THE GOSPEL . . . ROOTED AS THEY WERE IN THE FATHER, THE SON AND THE HOLY GHOST . . . AND IN THE INNER SPIRITUAL LIFE THAT FLOWED FROM THEM!**

## A Spiritual Life

It was quite clear. Utterly unmistakable, this unanimous collective voice of all that was heard in session after session, and proclaimed unanimously that **A DEEP SPIRITUAL LIFE, A RICH SPIRITUAL LIFE ROOTED IN CHRIST, IN HIS GOSPELS, IN THE LITURGY OF HIS CHURCH, IN MENTAL AND CONTEMPLATIVE PRAYER . . . WAS OF THE ESSENCE OF THE APOSTOLATE.**

That in fact, the wealth, the richness, the infinite variety of its technique, **THE EFFECTIVENESS OF ITS WORKS**, depended primarily on this **BEING BEFORE GOD**. And that only in proportion to that **BEING** would the **DOING** be successful and blessed by God.

But this collective voice reached even deeper. It witnessed before the whole world, to the need of the apostolate, of adopting **THE FULLNESS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE COUNSELS OF PERFECTION AND THE BEATITUDES . . . OF MAKING THEM PART AND PARCEL OF THE INNER LIFE OF THE APOSTOLATE.**

Indeed Catholic Action had come of age. There was no doubt about that. The more so that in His official audience for the members of the Congress, the Pope speaking in perfect and melodious French, confirmed this coming of age, and stressed that the doors of the Church **"WERE WIDE OPEN TO ALL LAY CATHOLICS"** — in fact, were waiting for them to enter — **AND TRULY PARTICIPATE IN THE APOSTOLATE OF THE HIERARCHY . . . IN THE FULLNESS OF THEIR OWN PRIESTHOOD, IN WHICH THEY TOO HAD BEEN ORDAINED, ACCORDING TO THEIR LAY**

## FASHION.

## Voice of Plus XII

As the delegates listened to the words of the Holy Father, many cried, for at long last, their efforts, their pioneerings in doubt, pain, persecution, misunderstandings, and loneliness, were being officially recognized. **THEY WERE BEING COMMISSIONED INTO THE ARMY OF CHRIST . . . IN THE ETERNAL CITY . . . BY CHRIST'S OWN VICAR.** No wonder tears of joy and gratitude came to their eyes.

Yes, the Congress of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action which met in Rome on October 7th to 14th of the year of grace 1951, was a hard one for newsmen to cover. For its true news values were deeply hidden and hard to get at, and harder still to present to a materialistic, pagan world, which would not, nor could not comprehend their tremendous import for years to come.

It was a turning point in the world's history, that may well, if God grants the world time, bring about the peace men hunger for, the truly Christian social order men dream about.

Christ has come back to earth in the hearts and souls of multitudes of humble lay apostles.

**WHO IS THERE TO FATHOM THE FRUITS OF THIS MIRACLE OF GRACE, THAT SLOWLY, SOFTLY—YET DEEPLY—IS MAKING ITSELF FELT EVERYWHERE IN OUR HAPLESS WORLD?**

## CHRISM

By

Lavada Ward Strona

With open heart did I prepare for it.

Penance and Reception were for me

The steps toward humble asking for the oils

The bishop signed me with. The Holy Ghost!

Eternal mark upon my very soul.

Assigned to me the pathway of my Lord.

The Holy Ghost to guide me on my way

If I but listen with an open heart.

Hard be my paths. My burdens unrelieved.

Dark is my way. I do not fear.

The Light within me beckons and consoles.

The Holy Ghost envelops me with joy.

Hands, feet, lips, mind, be guided by that light

Illumining me to do His Holy Will.

That when I lay aside this earthly self

"Well done" will be my Master's Word for me.

## Franciscan Convent

MARY'S HILL, KAVULE,  
LUGAZI P. O.  
UGANDA, B. E. AFRICA

Sept., 1951.

Franciscan Sisters calling from Mary's Hill, situated 4000 ft. above sea level.

This beautiful spot, being comparatively healthy, was chosen for a convent where our old Sisters can come to retire after long years of labor in the mission field, and where other Sisters, after bouts of malarial fever, operations, or serious illness can come to convalesce and rest a while.

Many of these Sisters have been laboring nearly fifty years in mosquito-infested parts of Uganda, working for the people in hospital, leper camp, orphanage or school.

It is impossible for all the Sisters to go home to recuperate, but a few weeks in this quiet spot, overlooking part of Lake Victoria, has been very beneficial to all who have come, and they have returned to their labors refreshed in body, mind, and soul.

Besides help with the maintenance, we are in great need of a chapel. As we are twenty miles from the nearest Mission, the nearby Catholics come to our chapel, but this is only a room in the Convent, in which very few can find a place.

We have also a small school for the neighboring children and a dispensary for the poor and sick. Our most frequent patients are small children with burns and scalds. For these works also we require your help.

Please send us what you can, and may God reward you. Your sincere friend in Christ, Mother M. Jacoba, O.S.F., Superior.

## Prayer When We Burn A Candle

A pledge of love I offer Thee  
O Sacred Heart Divine,  
A burning taper placed before

Thy Eucharistic Shrine.

As melts the wax beneath the flame

Which ever heavenward turns,

So melts my heart with glowing love

And for Thy presence yearns.

But, Ah Sweet Lord, when duty calls

I cannot with Thee stay,

Thou fain I'd tarry near Thy throne

To watch with Thee and pray.

This candle, then, will tell Thee all

My yearning heart would tell, Could I but stay all night

and day  
Before Love's prison cell.

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